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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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JUST MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PUCK, an alleged humorous weekly, has a front page cartoon containing a map of the western states, with a red hand smeared across the principal sections where the Western Federation of Miners are organized. The cartoon is captioned "The Red Hand." * * * The hand has more the appearance of a respectable exploiter than the calloused hand of an honest laborer. From that point of view the execution of the artist was better than he knew.—*The Worker.*

It may interest the alleged serious *Worker* to know that the hand employed was that of Sig. Collelo, a Neapolitan gentleman who polishes the shoes of PUCK's staff. Sig. Collelo is an honest laborer, and his hand has the usual complement of callouses.

THE SENTENCING to the workhouse of several specimens of the Toledo "octopus," lumber dealers who had pleaded guilty under the impression that the customary slap on the wrist would follow, caused the attorneys of the hapless gentlemen to protest that the punishment selected by the court was of the "cruel and unusual" variety. Mighty unusual, but not a bit cruel. He gets it so seldom in this age that the "respectable crook" doesn't recognize what is coming to him even when he sees it.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE is to wed on August 7. Apparently he doesn't bore everybody.

"WAR between Japan and the United States is inevitable," shrieks Hobson. It would help quite a bit if Hobson would jump headfirst into a rain barrel and remain there for an indefinite period.

'FRISCO SAM.

Fortunately for the United States and Japan, he is only a local conception of our beloved Uncle.

MR. GEORGE HARVEY declares that Mr. Roosevelt is the most popular man in the world and that he has destroyed American credit abroad. We have always made it a point to believe only half of what Mr. George Harvey says—usually the first half.

THE POINT is this: Nobody criticises Mr. Rockefeller because he gets thirteen cents for a gallon of oil. It is the mischief he works with his thirteen centses outside of the oil business that has justly earned for him a popular disesteem which no amount of endowments or piety can appreciably change.

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS. If everybody you have helped should send a rose the Oriental would be submerged.—*Telegram to Senator Platt.*

Bouquets of skunk cabbage and stinkweed would, however, be more appropriate.

MR. ROOSEVELT gives it out publicly that I am "too small game to shoot at twice."—*W. J. Long.*

Mr. Long continues to make a noise like a rabbit.

ENGLAND laments the loss of the tennis championships, and the lawn tennis, golf, rowing, professional sculling and yachting championships. But cheer up, Mr. Bull. You still hold the cricket and pipesmoking belts.

A SYRACUSE CLERGYMAN had added a soda fountain to his Sunday services. Of course the flock will order s——s.

THE CLERGYMAN-CADDIE.

IF YOU CAN'T GET THE SUNDAY GOLFER TO CHURCH, GET THE CHURCH TO THE SUNDAY GOLFER.

AND SO DID HE.

HE fondly loved a little maid
One rich in looks and clothes,
But fate was most unkind to him,
He *never* could propose.

One day while in his motor car
He murmured, "Will you be——"
And then the honking-hack broke down,
And so did he.

Again, while in his motor boat,
He started, "Dear Marie——"
When suddenly the engine stopped,
And so did he.

While on a surface car one night
He spoke, "Oh, promise me——"
And then the car got off the track,
And so did he.

An anchored airship they were in,
Thus he began, "Can't we——"
Then up the ship went high in air,
And so did he.

The years went by, he didn't pop
To suave and sweet Marie—
So she got spliced to someone else,
And so did he.

F. P. Pitzer.

UNMADE HISTORY.

THE reform of spelling, for that matter, did no great harm, but it proved to be the thin of a wedge which ultimately rent society asunder. For once it was set going, reform presisted, and would not be denied, until manners were made over, which hurt trade enormously, and morals, which left a great many costly institutional churches with no excuse for living.

And finally, having by this time gained great headway, reform attacked the tariff and prostrated everything. Some of those who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing reform into the spelling, tried hard to stop it short of the tariff, but without success. They spent their money in the cause, and died poor, and still there was no saving more than a few beggarly schedules, in anything like their pristine integrity.

This sad page of history warns us against taking up a movement which is in any manner liable to get beyond us.

CURIOUS.

THERE were once two young women, who married.

And the question arising, How were they to spend their spare time? one of them took up the study of Greek history, while the other plunged into society.

The sequel is curious.

For their respective husbands were driven to exactly the same kind of drink.

IF CARE killed a cat, remember that it is a nine-to-one shot you are up against when you tackle it.

ANIMAL FASHIONS.

SUMMER STYLES FOR ELEPHANTS AS SET BY THE PARIS ZOO.

Colonies in the tropics never amount to much. It is said that no tropical colony has ever produced a single colonial dame.

ON THE INTER-ATMOSPHERE RAPID TRANSIT.

IRATE CITIZEN *(to citizen equally irate)*.—Say, I used to think the car-ahead nuisance was bad, but this changing airships is a million times worse.

ADVOCATUS ANGELI.

PHYLLIS, they say, is faulty
Imprimis, she has no heart;
(She who has tend'rest pity
For a hurt bird's misery).
No heart! I'd be well contented
Forever, for my part,
If I could be sure she had given
All that she had to me.

Phyllis is vain, they tell me—
Haughty, conceited and proud—
(There is something here redundant,
I should say, but let it be;)
Why, I've seen her stoop to notice
The humblest one of the crowd!
I only wish she were prouder,
If she were but proud—of me.

Phyllis, they hint, is thoughtless,
Unheeding the things she should:
I would they could see her wav'ring
'Twixt vanilla and strawberry!
I have watched her sweet brows knitting,
While the waiter patiently stood—
Besides (I've her own word for it)
She sometimes thinks of me.

Phyllis too fond of conquest?
Phyllis—*my* Phyllis—flirt!
Nay; perhaps some artless trifling—
Some little pleasantry:
She can't help the fools who follow,
And—she wouldn't know how it hurt;—
But I think 'tis a slander, truly;
She never has flirted with me.

Some say she is romantic—
Foolishly so, indeed;
And would marry the veriest beggar,
If she but loved the clown—
Though a flagrant fortune-hunter,
She would see but his heart in need—
Now am I surely silenced;
Here the defense falls down:
For, a king who wooed her, without her,
Were poor as his meanest thrall;
And who weds her, though all undowered—
What king could be rich as he?
And I, who was one of the beggars,
No bootless suit recall—
For, come next Sunday morning,
Phyllis will marry me!

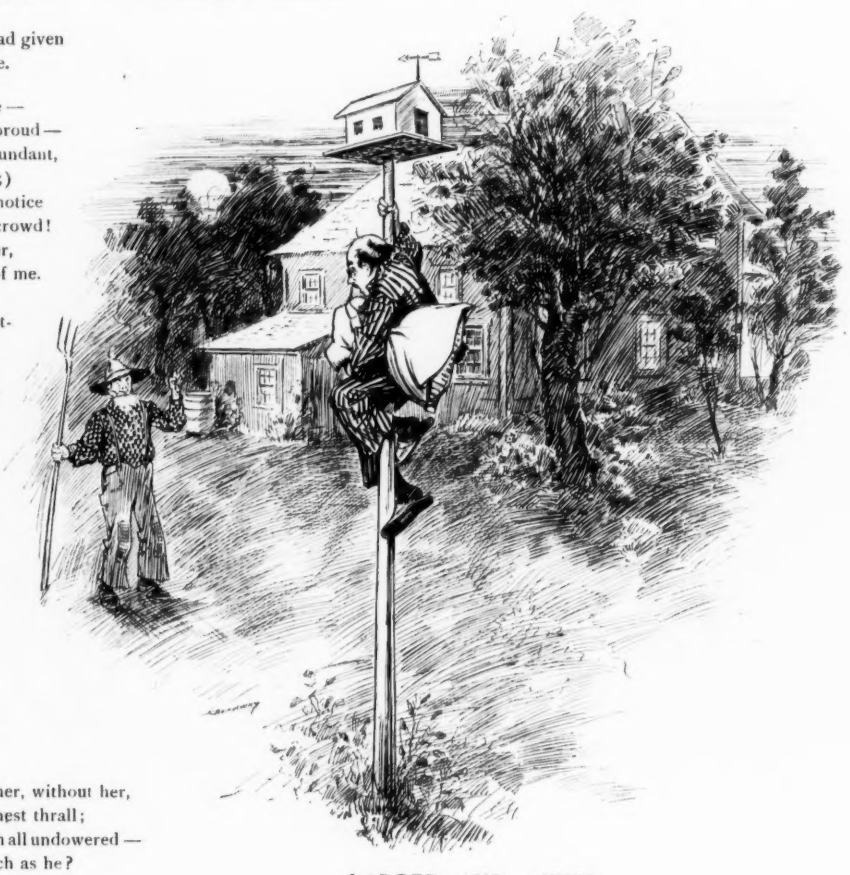
Frank Preston Smart.

WITH SHOW GIRLS.

GALEY.—That auto accident in the Park, in which DeRoxton figured, turned out more seriously than was anticipated.

GADSBY.—Why, what's the latest?

GALEY.—The reporters discovered his real name and his wife is suing for divorce.



LARGER AND AIRIER.

FARMER SUMMERBORD.—Hi, thar! What yer shinnin' up that pole fur?

DESPERATE GUEST.—Thought maybe I could get a bigger room than the one you gave me.

Make a caricature of yourself once in awhile and laugh at it.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
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THE WATCHFUL CHAPERON.

"I Wish That Young Man Would Not Take Ethel So Far Out."

EXTRACTS FROM A CLUB-WOMAN'S DIARY.

JANUARY 9.—My dear friend, Mrs. Jessica Douglas, is helping me writing my paper on the Life of Shakespeare. She told me an *awfully* interesting discovery she has made: that Friar Francis Bacon is supposed to have written his plays the one who discovered gun powder. Jessica is *so* nice, and the smartest woman I know.

JAN. 16.—Club election two weeks from now. I shall be the next president, of course. There is some talk of electing Jessie Douglas, but that is silly. *She* an officer! Why, she simply isn't competent.

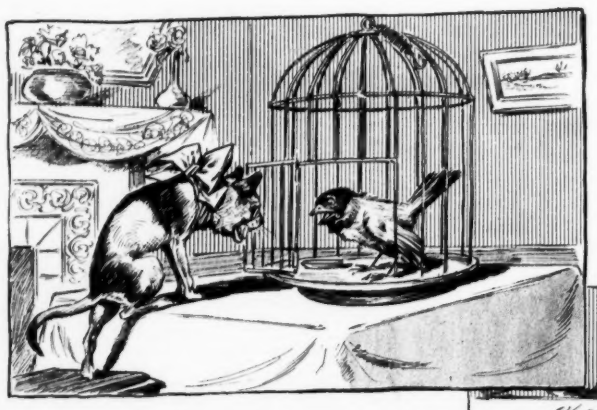
JAN. 25.—That cat Jessy Douglas is *actually running* for president. The idea! Thinks I'm going to vote for her. I'm not. And nobody else is. And I know who they *are* going to vote for.

FEB. 1.—She was elected. Jess Douglas, that I've known to say "ain't" the president!

FEB. 8.—My dear friend Jessie Douglas was over, and I helped her write her inaugural speech. I heard from someone who knows that Jessie insists I must be the next president after her. Jessie will be an excellent head of our busy activities, and I shall help her in everthing. She will make the club a credit to our thriving little village.

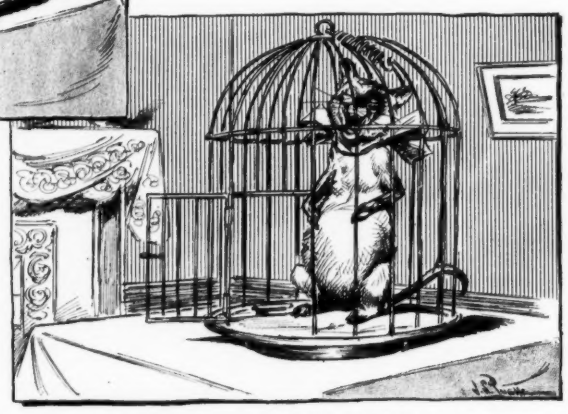
MAR. 9.—That Jessy Douglas thinks she knows all about parliamentary law, I think that's how they spell it and I haven't time to look it up. To-day someone made an amendment to an amendment, and I started to make an amendment to the amendment to the amendment, and she had to go and say my motion was out of order! And I've lost my manual, and can't prove my point. The cat!

MAR. 26.—Jenny Brown said that Tennyson was a greater poet than Browning right out in club meeting to-day, and when I told her how Tennyson said he couldn't write Sordella (or was it Hyperion?) she started to argue, and Jessie Douglas gave some *lovely* reasons on my side. Jessie is awfully well up on parliamentary law too, and made Mrs. Jenks who wears that horrid spotty guimpe stop taking all the time in business meeting.



WHICH WAS—

PRETTY DICK.—Keep out! Only room for one in here.



—TO BE DEMONSTRATED.

TOM.—Dick's right. There *is* only room for one.

MAY 28.—We have decided to take up Ibsen's plays, next year. I'm to be the chairman of the programme committee, because my son is in college (business college, of course, not one of those horrid expensive places where they play football, and do hazing, and all sorts of dreadful things and the boys stay out late, and smoke pipes). So he can typewrite the programmes, and save the expense of having them printed, and we can use the money in the treasury for our annual picnic. Jessie and I had to fight *dreadfully* to get them to take up Ibsen. Mrs. Smithers wanted us to take up Italian History. I'm sure that it was because they had a Dago doing chores for them, and she said she thought his "olive skin looked real poetic." Ugh! And Mrs. Jenks wanted us to turn the club into an embroidery club for next year. Think of it! It's because she's learned to do that filet work, and wants to show us how. She wore that spotty waist again.

JUNE 19.—In the meeting of the Recreation Comittee (I never can remember how many m's that has, and I can't find my pocket-dictionary) that Jessy Douglas actually wanted us to go way out to Twin Lake for our annual picnic. The *idea!* Just because they've got a new carriage I suppose she wants *me* to walk or ride in my husband's delivery wagon. Mud Lake is *ever* so much nicer and nearer.

JULY 7.—We shall have *so* much fun at our picnic at Twin Lake, to-morrow. And Mrs. Jenks wanted to go to that horrid little Mud Lake! I'm to ride in Jessie's brand-new buggy. Jessie and I will have *such* a nice time! Now that summer has ended the first part of her presidency I can look back and see that I was wise in supporting her for president. She has been a lovely officer and she says she wants me to be thinking about being the next president and I am willing to take it if they insist, but I've always been very retiring and I don't see how they came to think of me for president and I hope that I shall be as good a one as Jessie. I suppose there ought to be some commas put in there but I've got to hurry and wash and dry my hair before I get supper.

Sinclair Lewis.

THE INEVITABLE THREE.

REMARKABLE GROUPING OF BATHERS AT THE PAWNBROKERS' ANNUAL BEACH PARTY.

And then there is the man who doesn't make up his mind to steal the horse until after the stable door is locked.

THE PREMIUM WHEEL.

THE FRIENDLY BYSTANDER.—Excuse me, sir, but aren't you rather old to take up cycling?

THE OCTOGENARIAN.—I reckon I be, sonny; it took a pesky long while to save those ten thousand cigar coupons.

FISHING.

(By A Fish.)

FISHING is a noble sport, for such as have the proper temperament. Nervous, impulsive fishes naturally find it no great fun. Patience and the philosophic calm are requisite to the highest enjoyment of fishing.

Fishing is a dangerous sport; but danger within limits adds a charm. If it were not in some degree dangerous it were not sport.

The appeal is both physical and mental. The powers of body and of mind are at once taxed, and a delightful and salubrious balance of effort induced.

A worm never tastes as sweet as when it has been snatched off a hook, and the weakest digestion is not incommoded by it; while getting away after being caught brings an enlargement of spirit such as they who have experienced it include ever among their choicest sensations.

Some sensitive souls object to fishing because of the toilsome part it imposes on the human being at the other end of the line. This is going too far. What are these human beings created for, if not for our uses?

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A MAN with a wife back in Gloucester,
Didn't try her affections to foucester;
As a matter of course,
She applied for divorce,
And now the poor fellow has loucester!

ENTERPRISE.

DICK WHITTINGTON, on the advice of the bells, had just turned again in the direction of the mayor's office.

"Seems to act on rather slight impulses," said critical people.

But Whittington's personal newspaper came out that evening in large headlines:

WHITTINGTON TURNS AGAIN!

EMINENT AUTHORITIES ADVISE HIM TO CONTINUE FIGHT FOR MAYORALTY.

Consternation felt in City Hall — Whittington states he will be at Mayor's Desk in Three Weeks.

THE SPORT OF PIOUS JOHN.

[Rockefeller can't withstand the temptation of golf.]—*Daily paper*

I CANNOT play the old game
I played long years ago.
The laws have been amended,
The rebate game is slow.

Another game now charms me,
I play it more and more;
For oh, it sweetly summons
The dear dead days of yore.

The balls of gutta percha
Suggest, I love to think,
The independent oil men
I put upon the blink.

My driver, cleek and brassie,
And all my other clubs
Call up the rebate schedules
With which I smote the dubs.

The putter, too, reminds me
How I — the thought is droll —
Sidewiped an independent
And put him in a hole.

And then the trailing caddie
Resembles, I'll be bound,
The corporation lawyer
Who followed me around,

With clubs a dandy bagful,
For every purpose planned,
And always chose the right one
To play the shot in hand.

I cannot play the old game,
And that is why, you see,
The noble sport of gol-luf
Makes such a hit with me.

B. L. T.

IT IS some consolation to recall the fact that there have been occasions when the raking was done in the mere hope of finding one or more honest men.

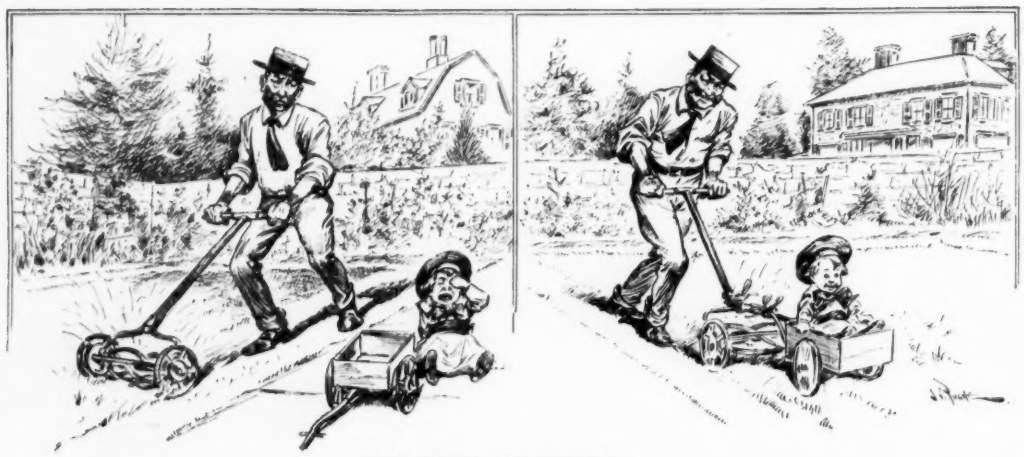
OF COURSE.

MRS. SUBHURST.—Why, Mary, what are you putting the fly-paper *outside* the house for?

MARY, THE LATEST.—Sure, an' ain't there more flies outsoide than insoide?

A SURPRISE PARTY A

PARTY AT OYSTER BAY.



SUBURBAN INGENUITY.

MR. HURSTON PARKER'S COMBINATION LAWN MOWER AND GO-CART.

THE RESIGNATION OF MRS. GABBLER.

MRS. GABBLER gave a pensive little sigh as she took her seat at the dinner table. It was an ill omen, as Gabbler very well knew, but he sought to ward off the unknown thing of evil portent by affecting to ignore the sigh, and said:

"Been out calling? I see that you have on your best bib and tucker."

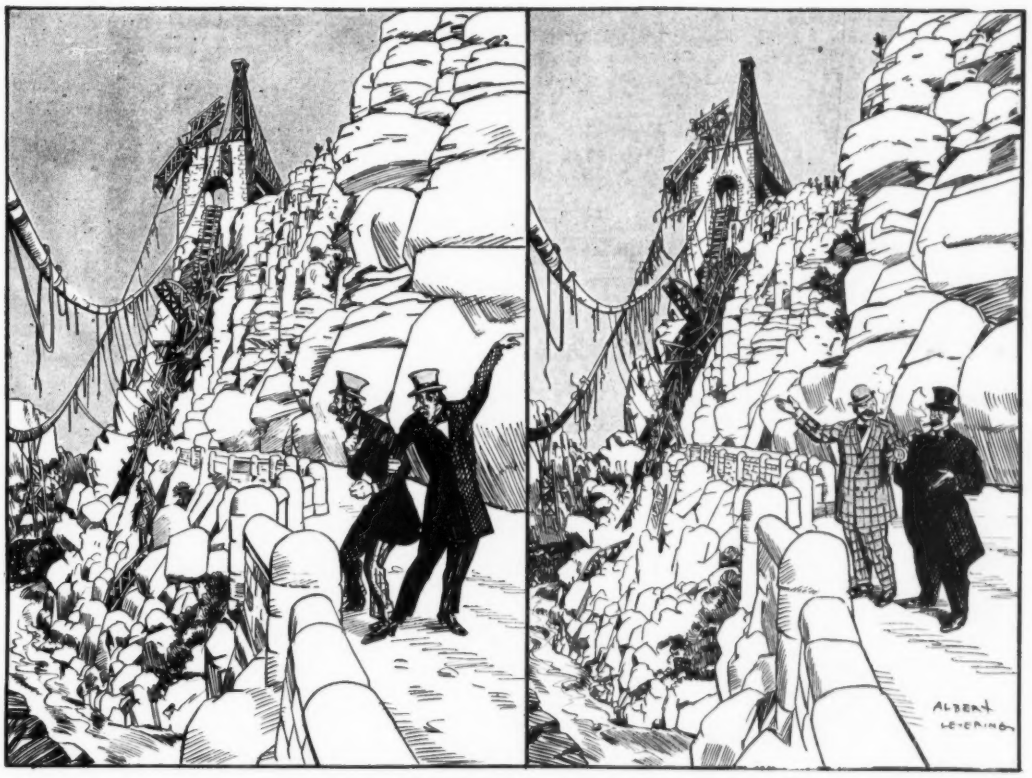
"Yes, I have been calling, but as for having on my best bib and tucker they are certainly anything but elegant and I felt shabby in them while I was at Mrs. Smythe's, for Mrs. Styles came in while I was there and I looked like a rag-picker compared to her. Her husband must make an awful lot of money, doesn't he?"

"Oh! twenty thousand a year, perhaps."

"Just think of it! And you with only about five thousand a year! Strange how some men can make so much more money than others. There's my sister Nellie's husband. He made thirty thousand in a single deal last year and—not that I am envious! I am incapable of that low feeling. But when a woman sees other women so much better dressed than herself she can't help making comparisons, and if you could have seen the gray silk *crêpe du chene* Mrs. Styles had on! I am absolutely sure that just the lace on it cost more than everything I had on, and she never got the hat she wore for less than fifty dollars—real old Irish point lace on it and a bird of Paradise feather that cost more than my whole hat, and—still, I am not small-minded enough to envy any one, and I long ago learned to be content with what I could get. Goodness knows, I might as well since I didn't marry a money-making husband. I'm sure that I have had abundant opportunity to become resigned to my position in life since we were married; but all the same, when you see your next-door neighbors on either side of you riding away in their automobiles and going abroad every year while you have to walk or go in the electrics and you get but a single month in the country or at the seashore, it makes you feel that this world's goods are mighty unequally divided—not that I mean to find fault or complain, for you know as well as I do that anything of that kind is foreign to my disposition and that I am a woman who can resign herself to any situation as well as the next one; but when I see so many men pushing right to the front in the business world and increasing their incomes every year while you seem to remain stationary every year, it makes me feel as if—well, I suppose that it is just as well to keep one's thoughts to one's self and to take the goods the gods send and all that, but—I wish that you could see the new rugs the Smythe's brought over from Europe with them! I have no doubt that one of those rugs cost twice as much as all of the rugs in our house, and—what is that? Smythe's income is ten times as much as yours? I have no doubt that it is, but it doesn't seem to me that there is any very good reason why it should be so. Are you sure that you take advantage of every opportunity? It does seem to me that if I were a man in business I would concentrate all my efforts on my business, and—yes, yes, I know that you do go down town at seven every morning and do not get home until after six, but I also know that you played golf two afternoons last month, and Mrs. Smythe happened to say to-day that her husband said he had no time for golf, and he with an income that you admit to be ten times as large as yours. Mrs. Smythe is coming here to-morrow to help me arrange a program for the next meeting of our Higher Life Club, and I shall feel every minute that she is comparing our poor cheap rugs with her splendid new ones, and I wonder what she will think of the worn carpet on our stairs—not that I am ashamed of honest poverty. I became resigned to that long years ago, and I was prepared to face it when I stood at the marriage altar and became your wife 'for better, for worse;' but when one sees everybody else having the luxuries of life and you have to be content with the bare necessities, it is not in human nature not to make comparisons, and—the Barney's are keeping three maids now. I often sit and wonder how it must feel to be able to keep three maids and a man to beat rugs and do the outdoor work, and sometimes I lie awake in the dead of night wondering how it must seem to pick up and go abroad at any time, and then come home and run across the continent to California and stay at all the fine hotels and never know what it is to have to count the cost. I am above envy and jealousy, but I would like to know that feeling just *once*. Of course, I know that I never *can* experience it, and I long ago gave up expecting to, and resigned myself to existing and unchanging conditions; but it does seem to me that if you spent less time playing golf and—now, don't lose your temper simply because I refer to what you admit to be true. I don't care if you *have* played but two afternoons in a month. Other men who attended to their business perhaps made a hundred dollars those very

NO RELIEF IN SIGHT.

VICTIMS OF THE FAMINE AT HAYVILLE CORNERS.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUTO RACE.

OLDFASHIONED PERSON *(before the days of motoring)*.—Great Heaven, the railroad bridge has fallen! Quick! Let us flag the train and prevent a frightful loss of life.

NEWFASHIONED PERSON *(who runs a racer)*.—Hello, we're in luck. The bridge has busted, and there'll be a peach of a spill when a train comes. From here we can see everything.

afternoons and added to their ability to give their wives and children the comforts of life, and—I have not said that we did not have the actual comforts of life or that—of course, I know that lots of people would be glad to have our five thousand a year, but what's five thousand a year compared to the hundreds of men who earn ten times that, and—what is that? My father never had half of five thousand a year? And I never had half as good a home before I was married as I have now? If you consider it kind or courteous to say such things as that to your own wife I can tell that I do not, and your open discourtesy is another thing I have had to become resigned to. I tell you when a woman marries she must make up her mind to submit to a life of other resignation and self-abnegation. A speaker we had at our Higher Life Club said the other day that—there is a dessert. Why are you leaving the table before it comes on? You don't want sour grapes for dessert? Now, Mr. Gabbler, if I wanted to insult my own wife I would do it openly and not through base insinuations. Dear, dear, but we wives have to resign ourselves to something every day of our lives! I only thank the Lord that He gives me grace to do so and to suffer in silence along with millions more of my sex!"

Max Merryman.

WOES.

A SILLY young Miss in Cohoes
Had freckles all over her nose,
And she cried till she tried
Suicide, then she died.
But whether that helped no one knows.

SOME DARK CHAPTERS.

FATHER *(impressively)*.—Consider our numerous captains of industry and keep in mind that nearly all were the architects of their own fortunes.

SON.—Sure! But you don't see any of them exhibiting blue-prints of the details of construction.

MODEST TOMMY.

THE camel has nine stomachs—
I heard it at the Zoo.
Now, wouldn't I be happy
If I had only two!

Oh yes, I'd brim with gladness
And call my life a dream,
With one for just roast turkey
And one for just ice-cream.

R. K. Munkittrick.

UNDERSTOOD.

MRS. GALEY *(with paper)*.—The telephone girl in France answers a call by saying "I listen."

MR. GALEY.—Why the superfluous information?

HOW NOT TO SLEEP.

DON'T sleep on your left side, for it causes too great a pressure on the heart.

Don't sleep on your right side, for it interferes with the respiration of that lung.

Don't sleep on your stomach, for that interferes with the respiration of both lungs and makes breathing difficult.

Don't sleep on your back, for this method of getting rest is bad for the nervous system.

Don't sleep sitting in a chair, for your body falls into an unnatural position and you cannot get the necessary relaxation.

Don't sleep standing up, for you may topple over and crack your skull. Don't sleep.

William Restelle.

NEVER TILTED AFTERWARDS.

GUIDE *(in Pompeii)*.—This was a pretty live town once upon a time.

TOURIST *(from Chicago)*.—What was the date the lid went on?

ANOTHER FAKE EXPLODED.

THE DUCK.—Say! Just a friendly tip. I'd quit claiming, if I were you, that I was a direct descendant of the frog who would a-wooing go. The President and John Burroughs have just decided that frogs don't woo.

The fact that some one else does it is Society's excuse.

A Big Loser.

Mrs. Myles.—I see the 24-year-old son of a London dry goods man is a bankrupt, having managed to get rid of $2,100,000 since he came of age.

Mrs. Styles.—Oh, well, boys will be boys!

Mrs. Myles.—Well, this looks as if a boy had an ambition to be a bridge whist player.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

For Life.

"Young man," said the stern father, "you have married against my wishes. Now take the consequences."

"What do you mean by 'consequences?'"

"Why, that you'll dig up the costs of the divorce suit yourself."

Then the groom realized that he was tied for keeps.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Possible Explanation.

"So many lies stalk in disguise,"
Remarked the puzzled youth,
"Perhaps that's why, howe'er we try,
It's hard to tell the truth."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Wilson—

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

THE OPEN DOOR.

Coogan *(contemplating the new screen).*—Now, b'gobs, it's the skeeters that kin look in an' see me enjoyin' mesilf in pace an' quiet.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

MORE THAN
FIFTY YEARS
AGO

HUNTER WHISKEY

WAS PUT UPON THE MARKET, AND EVERY YEAR ADDS TO ITS SPLENDID REPUTATION. RIPENED BY AGE, ITS MELLOWED EXCELLENCE REMAINS ABSOLUTELY UNSURPASSED. IT IS TO-DAY

FIRST OVER THE BARS

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The really brilliant talker is the one who knows when it is time to quit.—*Somerville Journal.*

Puck Proofs

PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK

THE ETERNAL QUESTION—
"Which Gown Shall I Wear?"
By Leighton Budd.
Photo Gelatine Print, 8 x 11 in. *PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.*

HIGHER EDUCATION. Photogravure in Sepia, 19½ x 15 in.
By Stuart Travis. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

AN OLD PRINT. Photo Gelatine Print in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.
By "O'Neill." *PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.*

EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
By Shef Clarke.
Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in. *PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.*

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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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On the Fire-Escape.

Our fire-escape's the place we play;
We've got to play somewhere,
For mother has to work all day,
So I mind baby there.

Of course, you know, it's pretty high,
But when you're used to it,
An' never tumble, by an' by
You don't get scared a bit.

We make believe there's grass an' trees
An' really truly ground,
With butterflies an' bumblebees
Jus' zippin' all around.

An' we pretend we're sparrows, too,
An' that we're in a nest
Up here, an' all we've got to do
Is chirp, an' eat, an' rest.

There's lots for us to see, besides—
The clo'es hung out to dry,
An' those big fuzzy clouds that slides
Right underneath the sky.

An' when my mother's late, some nights,
We look out through the bars,
An' watch the rows of 'lectric lights
Till God turns on the stars.

They make it seem, somehow, as though
The world was awful small,
An' we don't feel so glad, or so,
So lucky, after all.

An' then we try to think perhaps
Those stars light up the way
To great big yards for little chaps
That's had no place to play.

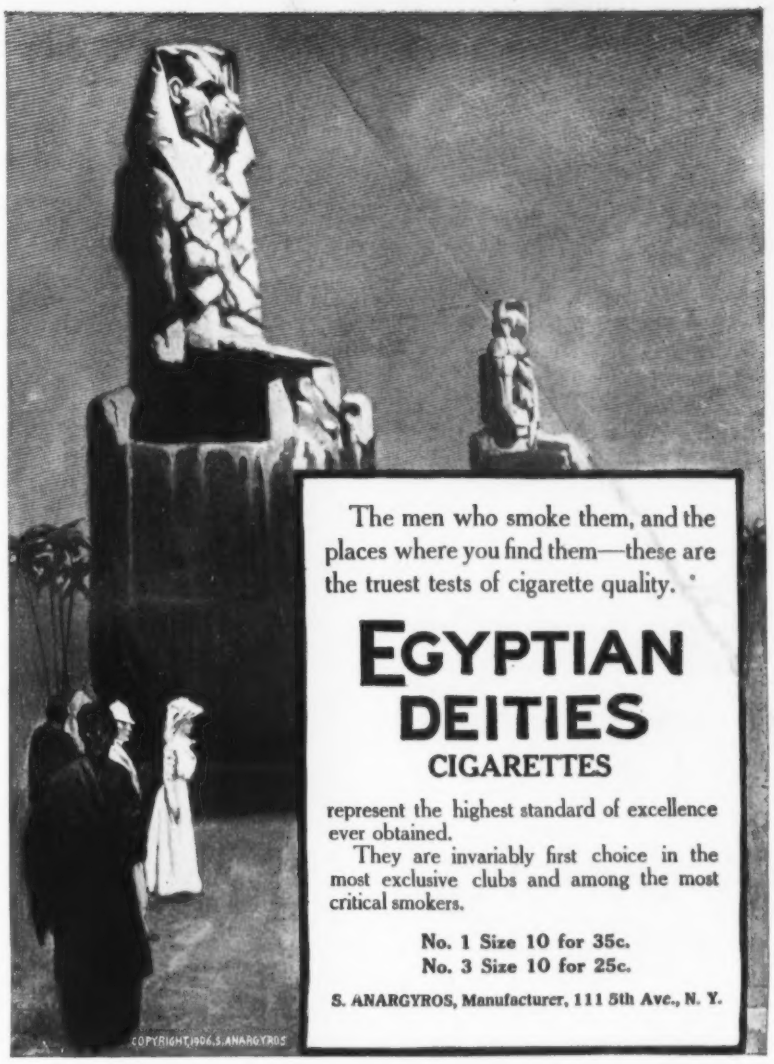
—*Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

Good Use For It.

Two Irishmen were passing a big jewelry store, in the window of which were displayed a lot of loose diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones.

"Ah, Pat," said Barney, "they be foine stones. How would you like your pick?"

"Och, be jabers!" replied Pat, "I'd rayther hov me shovel!" — *Lippincott's Magazine.*



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Egyptian Scenes—The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes.

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DILG

It is a sad thought that the people who suffer from insomnia never seem to put the wakeful hours of the night to any useful purpose.—*Somerville Journal.*

GOLF GOSSIP.

Miss Lofter.—I wish the artist who makes us would give me a new skirt once in a while.

Mr. Putter.—Ho, *you* haven't any kick coming. He's made me wear the same knickerbockers and stockings for ten years.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

THE BALANCED ACCOUNT.

Said Richman: "Neighbors, would you thrive?
Then learn of me how two and two make five!"
Said Poorman: "Verily, I see,
For us poor folk must two and two make three!"
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SUSPICIOUS.

"I guess Mr. Roxley ain't as rich as some people think," said Tommy. "You said he didn't have to work, but could jest go 'round enjoyin' hisself wherever he pleased."

"So he kin," said Jimmy.

"Well, he wasn't at that dandy Sunday-school picnic of ours yesterday, an' the tickets wuz on'y twenty-five cents."—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

THE man who beats the big bass drum in the band may not make much music, but he helps greatly to advertise the show.—*Somerville Journal.*

NO FICTION.

THE FATHER.—What is that book you are reading, my son?

THE SON.—It's a story of a man who invested his money in a Western gold mine, and lost every cent of it.

THE FATHER.—Oh, that's all right, my boy, I was afraid you'd got a hold of a work of fiction! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

FOOLING THE INFANT.

"Well," remarked Nupop, in rather a loud tone of voice, "it's pleasant to think that we can remain comfortably at home this evening—"

"Why, George," began Mrs. Nupop, "you know we've got tickets for the—"

"'Sh! Can't you see the baby's listening? I said that for his benefit."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

MATERIAL FOR LECTURES.

BACON.—I see the first expedition to the South Pole took place in 1567.

EGBERT. — Gracious! Did they have lectures as early as that? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

AS USUAL, just when the rest of the country is studying summer-resort folders Kansas begins her annual howl for harvest hands.—*Wash. Post.*

A LUCKY STRIKE!!

(A Study in Expression.)

THE LIMIT.

BACON.—Do you believe women are truthful?

EGBERT.—No, I don't. Why, when a woman is telling her age she'll stop at nothing.

BACON.—Oh, yes; she'll stop at 28! —*Yonkers Statesman.*

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"I'm bad medicine," boasted the tough citizen with the bulging hip pocket.

"Need to be shaken before being taken, eh?" commented the facetious copper, acting accordingly. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

BASEBALL pitching is another thing that cannot be taught successfully by correspondence schools. — *Somerville Journal.*

BRYAN announces that Hughes has disappointed him. Doubtless this is one way in which Hughes kept from disappointing everybody else. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE boy who always had trouble with his arithmetic lesson while going to school is now finding it the easiest matter in the world to keep track of the batting averages of his baseball heroes.—*Washington Post.*

AFFRONTED

"You do not have much success in making social distinctions over here," said the European.

"That's a fact," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "When I think of the way a man who receives only the paltry salary of a judge is permitted to talk to a man with my income, it makes me burn with indignation"—*Wash. Star.*

FAMILY REPARTEE.

"Well," snapped Mrs. Henpeck, "I certainly was a fool when I married you."

"True, my dear," responded Henpeck, "and I regret to state that you haven't improved any"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MORE SHORT SIXES

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HIS IDEA OF RESTING.

"Jones is a queer fellow. He asked me out to his country home to get a much-needed rest."

"Well?"

"And then he insisted on getting me up at four o'clock in the morning to go fishing with him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IF YOU get tired of your preacher talking too long, just think of his wife. She has to hear him all week.—*Wash. Democrat.*

IF PEOPLE generally were as good as they think that other people ought to be, the ministers could all go out of business. — *Somerville Journal.*

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He envies not the millionaires—
He's still the happiest man;
Juicy watermelon
An' a big palmetto fan!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NO RESPITE.

The fierce mosquito sings all night,
Rejoicing in his sins.
And when he stops, with morning's light
The buzzing fly begins.
—*Washington Star.*

"DON'T be afraid of working overtime," says a successful man. And at the current rates for overtime few toilers are scared a bit.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE automobilist would really get along very well, as a rule, if there weren't so many pedestrians cluttering up the highways.—*Somerv. Journal.*

MR. SHONTS announces that his daughters must marry men who accomplish things. At this time of year that looks like a good hunch to the man who can bat out a home run when the bases are full.—*Washington Post.*

THWARTED.

The airship inventor was puzzled.

"If I could manage to apply the hot air I talk about my machine to the machine itself. I'd fly, all right," he said.

But he couldn't.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

EVERY girl of sixteen is sure that she would be a great deal happier if she were only Understood.—*Somerville Journal.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

BARE FACED.

HE.—And why do you prefer yachting to motoring?
SHE.—A girl doesn't have to wear goggles when yachting.

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

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A FOOLISH PROMISE.

HE.

I know not how nor when nor where,
But you and I will meet again;
It may be in some garden fair,
It may be on the bounding main;
The world is not so wide that you
And I shall fail to meet some day,
And I shall love you when we do,
Though now you proudly answer nay.

SHE.

Perhaps the world is not so wide
That we two never more shall meet
Somewhere upon the heaving tide
Or in some busy, noisy street;
But do not promise foolishly
That you will love me still, my lad;
A little girl may cling to me,
A freckled boy may call you dad.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

MARK HANNA would probably turn over in his grave if he knew that his son has spent enough money on divorces to carry three or four doubtful States at an election.—*Washington Post.*

NOW that fewer people are traveling on passes, the railroad men say that they don't get nearly so many complaints about the service as they did before. —*Somerville Journal.*

IN the "correspondence column" of an exchange a young man asks how to prevent nosebleed. One good way is to avoid quarreling with a man bigger than yourself.—*Washington Post.*

THE PUCK PRESS

THE WOMAN IN THE BOX *(loud enough to be heard)*.—I think it's positively scandalous the way chorus girls dress in these summer shows.

THE CHORUS GIRL *(the next morning)*.—I think it's positively scandalous the way women dress at these bathing resorts.

SHE GETS WHAT WAS COMING TO HER.